

# Clark's Letter.

Significant Remarks by a Republican Party Organ—The Election in St. Louis—Ship Subsidy—An Honest Partisan.

[Special Washington Letter.]  
St. Louis city election was held on Tuesday, April 2, and the Democrats won because Mayor Wells during his six years' incumbency in office has given the people a clean, economical and progressive administration, a vast improvement over the Republican administration which preceded him. Up to and including the morning of April 2 the Globe-Democrat whooped it up in great shape for the Republican ticket. On the 4th, however, it contained two editorial paragraphs which furnish much food for reflection. First the G.D. said:

"Politicians who think they can win with an inferior ticket have often missed their calculation and given their party a black eye."

Now, a thing or person is "inferior" when compared with something or somebody that is "superior." Therefore the foregoing paragraph must mean that the Republican candidates were "inferior" to the Democratic candidates; but, nevertheless and notwithstanding, the G.D. whooped it up for the "inferior" ones. Query—Did it know prior to April 2 that the Republicans were "inferior" to the Democrats, or did it make that discovery between the time when its issue of April 2 went to press and when its issue of April 4 went to press?

The G.D.'s second editorial paragraph on this subject in its issue of April 4 is as follows:

"The Republican party of St. Louis cannot successfully carry a collection of discredited politicians. A class of this kind can accomplish nothing for themselves, though they are certain to injure the party as far as it is identified with them and their unsatisfactory records. An incubus of this variety is a boon to the opposition and a handicap to what he calls his own side. Politicians with an unsavory reputation may seek to be vindicated, but they put a party that indulges them at a disadvantage. It is essential for the Republicans of St. Louis, who have just lost an election on account of an element of this nature, to seek it to the year, unless the experience of Tuesday is to be repeated, in spite of having the most votes and the best prospects."

That paragraph will repay careful perusal, especially in light of the fact that the Republicans claim the G. O. is the party of sweetness, purity, light, patriotism and every good quality possible. Certainly to that paragraph is applicable the old saying that "an open confession is good for the soul." But suppose a case. Suppose the G.D. had published that paragraph two days before the election. Then what? Why, if it had, just as sure as grass grows or water runs, the Democratic majority would have been increased by 3,000 or 3,000.

In this editorial the G.D. lumps the candidates whom it supported off as "a collection of discredited politicians," which would probably furnish grounds for a slander suit unless its description of personarum is correct. It evidently does not mean that they were discredited by the defeat on April 2, for in the next sentence it refers to their "unsatisfactory records," clearly meaning records which they had made prior thereto. The G.D. rubs it in on those whom it supported still more by characterizing them as an "incubus," another actionable word unless the G.D. can prove it. Still further along it denigrates its late candidates as "politicians with an unsavory reputation," which, unless justified, would constitute a third count in a petition for damages.

The G.D.'s performance appears to be a clear case of "hindsight is better than foresight."

## Ship Subsidy Redivivus.

When Senator Carmack of Tennessee talked the ship subsidy bill to death in the closing days of the last Congress, very much to his own glory, most folks believed and many asserted that we would hear no more of that pestiferous and malodorous measure. This conclusion was based partly on the fact that General Charles Henry Grosvenor of Ohio, the sage of Athens and daddy of the S. S. bill, was retiring from public life. But this conclusion was erroneous, as is shown by President Roosevelt's remarkable letter to Representative Pollard of Nebraska, one of the proponents of the defunct bill. How the president happened to write to Pollard is not known, but the chances are that when Pollard returned to his district he did not find his agricultural constituents as enthusiastic for ship subsidy as were the lobbyists at Washington, who were anxious to raid the treasury and perhaps conveyed pews of their lack of enthusiasm to the White House. Ergo the presidential letter to Pollard, which no doubt the latter will ever cherish as among the most valuable of all his possessions, handing it down to the young Pollards as a precious heirloom. This, however, is a mere guess. The Providence (R. I.) Journal, a Republican paper, makes this comment on it:

"The president's letter to Congressman Pollard of Nebraska is a curious document. It is certainly a novelty to come from the White House two weeks after Congress has adjourned. The president addresses Mr. Pollard, but he never intended to apply to all the western congressmen who voted for the ship subsidy bill. In Mr. Roosevelt's opinion their conduct was especially pathetic because they intended to apply to the west. His praise of the bill itself is the more conspicuous by reason of the very unkind support he gave it in the first place. Now he is convinced that it is not so far enough."

Of course he is entirely mistaken in attributing the expansion of British and German commerce to subsidies; but, as has been pointed out before, economics is not his strong point. It is a pity that he should go on chasing this particular will-o'-the-wisp.

## But to the Bat.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's status has been definitely fixed. Bat Master-son has spoken and, as is usual with Bat, in no uncertain fashion. Bat is a plain, blunt man who loves his friends. As for his enemies, he has none. They are all sleeping their long sleep out at Dodge City, Kan. Bat did the trick for them with his unerring 44. The Dodge City sage placed Colonel Roosevelt in the most desirable and best lighted niche in the American pantheon of fame in words which cannot be misconstrued. Bat says, "You can just put it down as an absolute fact that Theodore Roosevelt is the greatest president this country has ever had and that he will be re-nominated and re-elected next year." So say they all—that is, all of the bread and butter brigade, from Hon. Elihu Root, secretary of state, to Bat, for it must not be forgotten that the latter is now a member, an enthusiastic one, of that widespread organization, Bat does not beat about the bush or indulge in any diplomatic circumlocution, but talks as he was wont to shoot, straight at the heart. Of course Bat knows on which side his bread is buttered, and he knows where both bread and butter come from. He did not shoot buffaloes and "bad men" on the plains for a couple of decades for nothing. Nobody ever suspected him of being a good judge of presidents, but nobody can blame his courage and his candor in placing his chief in the highest position. Bat may have heard of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln, but they are "dead ones" and in his judgment count for no more than certain "dead ones" out at Dodge who were not as quick on trigger as Bat. He knows Colonel Roosevelt and likes him, and he is for him against all comers. A faithful friend is Bat, far more honest than many of the Roosevelt whoopers up.

## Galusha A. Grow.

Ex-Speaker Galusha A. Grow has gone to his reward, having lived four years beyond the psalmist's extreme allotment of fourscore years. He was a kind old man, of fair capacity and long experience, was David Wilnot's successor and was speaker in 1861-63. It seems that the newspapers of the east vied with each other as to the number of mistakes they could make touching him and his career. A Scranton dispatch says that when he entered congress in 1851 he was not only the youngest man in that house, which may or may not be true, but he was up to that time the youngest ever elected to the house of representatives, which is most certainly not true. No doubt there had been dozens of younger representatives. Grow was twenty-eight, and John Randolph of Roanoke was only twenty-five when he entered and looked so youthful that it was suspected that he had not reached the age required by the constitution. Interrogated as to his age, he scornfully replied, "Ask the men who elected me!"

He was first elected in 1850 and re-elected five times, retiring March 4, 1863. In 1864, a representative at large from Pennsylvania having died, Mr. Grow was elected to succeed him. Judge William S. Holman of Indiana was then the only man in the house that had served with Grow in the fifties and sixties, so he escorted him to the speaker's desk to be sworn in. As these two venerable statesmen walked down the big center aisle arm in arm an irreverent youngster said sotto voce, "There goes the vanguard of the army of the resurrection!" During his second period in the house he served about eight years. One of the eastern papers said that during those years he never spoke on any subject except the tariff and that he made a long speech on that annually. As a matter of fact, he spoke volubly on several subjects.

Another statement going the rounds is that he is the only man ever elected to the house by unanimous vote, while as a matter of fact there have been dozens of them so elected.

Mr. Grow's chief usefulness in his second period of congressional service was not in the speeches which he delivered on the floor of the house, but in relating his recollections privately of a generation long since passed away. He possessed a fine memory, was a good conversationalist, and his mind was richly stored with interesting reminiscences of Wilnot, Thad Stevens, James Buchanan, Governor Curtin, Simon Cameron and other bigwigs of that far away era. In fact, Mr. Grow was a sort of connecting link between the antebellum period and the present, and, after the manner of old men, he lived principally in the past.

## Has Wrong Pig by the Ear.

The Washington Post sapiently remarks:

Cham Clark says the president is too much of a Democrat to suit the Republicans and not enough of a Democrat to suit the Democrats. Perhaps he is merely trying to suit the common people.

and policies are borrowed on ideas which he borrowed from Democrats. It so happened that on the night of Saturday, April 6, Hon. William J. Bryan and myself spoke at a Jefferson club banquet at Des Moines, Ia. Incidentally it may be stated that it was a great fun. From the jumbled press report sent out it was difficult to tell what Bryan said and what I said, but he came nearer using the language attributed to me than I did. Here is precisely what he said in that connection: "Roosevelt is too Democratic to suit the corporations, too little Democratic to suit the Democrats."

The thing, however, to which I desire to call attention is the last sentence in the excerpt from the Post, "Perhaps he is merely trying to suit the common people." Now, pray, who are the common people? Ninety-nine per cent of all the common people in America are either Democrats or Republicans, and if I had used the language attributed to me—and it is more comprehensive than that used by Mr. Bryan—and if it is true, then it follows that Colonel Roosevelt is not pleasing 99 per cent of the people. The Post seems to think that the common people are neither Democrats nor Republicans. That's like the delusion of Charlie Landis that it was not the American people, but the inhabitants of another planet, who carried the country for tariff reform in 1892.

## Odell on Roosevelt.

The Republican party at this particular juncture would hardly be selected as a first rate sample of a happy family. It has been known for a long time that there is no love lost between President Roosevelt and Benjamin B. Odell, ex-representative in congress, ex-governor of New York, ex-chairman of the state Republican committee and ex-boss of the state, a man who before McKinley was assassinated harbored presidential aspirations himself. In a recent speech he uses language which everybody understands was a whack at the president. Odell said:

"Every age has its follies, its vagaries, its stupidities and its times when the voice of the reformer, like that of grasshoppers, is a burden in the land. The time comes when there are fewer diseases than remedies, more charlatans than physicians and more apparent faults than virtues. There is a microbe of politics as well as a microbe of disease, and one is as dangerous as the other."

Some men who have become famous encircle themselves within the boundaries of their own egotism. Within this circle it is impossible to bring their fellow men, because with a keen perception they are liable to discern the false, the untrue and the sham."

## Need a Rest.

For some occult reason—it may be the earth's juxtaposition to the comet for all we know—the rulers of the earth seem to be in a most irritable frame of mind. Everybody in this country knows that President Roosevelt is in a state of high nervous excitement and is rapidly increasing the membership in his Aunias club. M. Clemenceau, the French premier, who was once a country doctor in the United States and who married an American woman, is now yelling "Liar!" at his multitudinous enemies as frequently as does President Roosevelt. The czar of Russia is said to be losing his mind and to be on the eve of abdicating. King Charles of Roumania is in hot water, and so it goes to the end of the chapter. Rest would do these big wigs good.

## The Color Line.

In Washington, right under the august nose of the president, the color line is being constantly drawn in open defiance of the big stick. A short time ago the white draughtsmen in the architect's office of the treasury department objected to working side by side with a colored brother who had passed successfully the examinations of the civil service commission, and three of them resigned rather than work in his society. Now the color line is visible among the lawyers of that delectable city. The court restaurant keeper refused to cater to a colored lawyer, and the white lawyers demand a lunch room in the court-house exclusively for members of the bar association, the rub to which is that no colored lawyer can be a member of the bar association. What's become of the civil rights bill, anyway?

## Wonders will never cease.

It is said that Great Britain is now in favor of limiting expenditures for army and navy purposes by international agreement at The Hague meeting. If the spirits of the mighty dead take any interest in mundane affairs, Napoleon must marvel at the change which has come over the spirit of Great Britain's dream since she spent billions in subsidizing the nations of Europe to fight him and coop him up at St. Helena.

The Post has the wrong pig by the ear. Cham Clark said nothing of the sort. He has never thought that President Roosevelt is much of a Democrat, though he has frequently asserted that the president's most popular acts

# BETTER WAY TO MAN'S HEART HAS BEEN FOUND

RECENT EVENTS THAT SEEM TO DISPROVE OLD SAYING

## SAY NO LONGER THAT IT IS "THROUGH HIS STOMACH"

LATEST LOVE ROUTE NOW IS "THROUGH HIS FINGERS"

New York.—The way to a man's heart—through his stomach—that's a dead letter now. The new love route is through his fingers.

If you doubt the suggestion read the facts.

All the pretty manœuvre girls seem to be winning husbands just now because they can polish and prink up the finger nails of the rich young men who wouldn't dare to be seen at any dance or dinner after candlelight without having their fingernails immaculately groomed.

The latest capture is William A. Dunlap, son and heir of the millionaire merchant—"Billy" Dunlap, as he is known around where men-about-town-most do congregate, says the World.

Just before Easter there was a tentative announcement of his engagement to Miss Lavender Byers, the prettiest girl in a fashionable manœuvre establishment on Broadway, which is conducted by Miss Mary E. Peart. And Miss Byers is not the first who has been won from that resort of the young men who feel that it is absolutely essential to have their nails carefully tended.

Two other pretty young women have already put aside the nail paste and the polish for the pleasant duties of running some rich young man's home. Two others of Miss Peart's staff have become the wives of wealthy patrons.

## Tried to Keep It Quiet.

Of course, inasmuch as Mr. Dunlap has been divorced once and sued for breach of promise by another young woman, he made every effort to have the engagement kept a strict secret. But somebody told it to somebody else, and that somebody else told it to a third person—and there you are!

Finally Mrs. Byers had to tell it to a few of her intimates, and then everybody knew. Mother and daughter have gone to Chicago, where they have met Mr. Dunlap, just from Nevada, where he has been making all kinds of money. The rest is easy to guess. They were married in Milwaukee last week.

Young Mr. Dunlap, who has been around town now these fifteen years,

There was one quarrel after another. Finally after a particularly serious rupture, the young wife left her husband, and later there was a divorce.

For a time the young man devoted himself strictly to business. His father died, leaving a large estate, in which he shared very generously. He invested heavily in Nevada mining properties, and his judgment proved sound. He turned over the money his father had left him with such care that he largely increased his own wealth; he became one of the most prominent young men in the Western mining field.

Of course, he couldn't stay in Nevada always.

He heard the call of the Great White Way and he answered it. Some months ago he ran overland for a few weeks in New York, and of course he had to have his nails fixed up after so many months in the wilds of Nevada and its mining camps.

This was on March 7 last.

By chance Miss Byers was assigned to take care of young Mr. Dunlap's fingers. He found himself facing a tall, Gibsonesque young girl, barely 18, who treated his nails so deftly that he was captivated at once. He glanced for a second time at the young woman who held his big hand so lightly in her own, and he was smitten very, very badly.

## Became Regular Visitor.

He paid his fee and went away. Next day he was back again. His nails seemed to be bothering him very much, though the polish which Miss Byers had put upon them had hardly worn off at all.

There was another polishing and another trimming, and the young millionaire went away neither heart whole or fancy free. In fact, he was very much in love. And so Miss Peart's parlors saw the young millionaire there every day.

But there was a fly in the ointment—not the nail ointment, which was irreplaceable.

It was a much more serious proposition. Just about the time that the young man got ready to lay his heart and his fortune at the feet of the pret-

Mr. Dunlap promised to marry her, but that he eventually told her that he couldn't. So she sued. Unless the suit has been since settled in secret, the case is pending yet.

But this didn't seem to upset the young wooer. He told all and proposed to Miss Byers. She confessed her love then and there, and promised to marry the young millionaire any time he choose, no matter what came of the breach of promise suit.

It was all a whirlwind courtship.

There was a daily manœuvre and dinner or the theater at night.

Then the young people told Mrs. Byers. She was taken completely by surprise. She hardly knew the man any more than that he sometimes

care of an aunt in New Orleans, who moved to New York.

When she was old enough to support herself Miss McDonald became a manœuvre and went to work in a manœuvre shop. But she won't have to manœuvre nails any more, and she won't bring the young man—his name she won't tell—enough down to keep the wolf from both the front and the back doors.

Then there was dainty little Miss Hannah Becker, who worked as a manœuvre in a John street shop.

Sohmer Victim of Cupid.

There came there one day young Edward Sohmer, son of State Senator William Sohmer. He wanted his nails polished and Miss Becker was assigned to the task. He was 21, good looking



Mrs. Nathan Walley

Mrs. Edward Sohmer

Edward Sohmer

brought Miss Byers home after the theater. But so persuasively did her daughter plead and so ably did young Mr. Dunlap aid and abet her that Mrs. Byers readily gave in.

## Went to West to Wed.

Mr. Dunlap was suddenly summoned West. He went to Nevada, leaving word for Mrs. Byers and her daughter to meet him in Chicago. They were there on time; so was he. Even then the two young people tried to keep the engagement a secret. In fact, both denied it, and so did Mrs. Byers. But the flowers and the notes that were constantly going up to Miss Byers' apartments told their own story. So mother and daughter quit Chicago, and so did Mr. Dunlap.

That didn't keep Mrs. Byers and Miss Lavender from going to Milwaukee, and there the young millionaire met them. Mr. Dunlap promptly went to the proper authorities and got a marriage license. Then he went to the circuit court and induced one of the judges there to grant a special dispensation from the five day's limit. In a few minutes the young people were married. They took the first train for New York.

## Bride Is English.

Mrs. Dunlap No. 2 is considered one of the handsomest girls who has ever been a manœuvre in New York. She is tall, slender, with perfect poise and exquisite carriage. She was born at Hackney Downs, a suburb of London. Her family lost their money and came to this country when Miss Lavender was only a little girl in pigtails. When she grew up she found it necessary to support herself.

She will have to do so no more. Right on the heels of this comes the announcement of the marriage of Miss Annie McDonald, who has inherited \$25,000, and now intends to marry a poor young man to whom she had given her heart long before she ever dreamed of being an heiress.

For four years Miss McDonald polished nails at No. 57 West Twenty-third street, a barber shop, where she was the only woman employee. Last week she received a very formidable looking legal document from Duncan & Fitzgerald, solicitors, the Strand, London. It bore the comforting news that she had inherited 5,000 pounds sterling from her grandfather, Angus Kibbe, and that the money was waiting for her upon proof of identity. This didn't take long.

## To Marry Man She Loves.

"Now I can marry the man I love," announced Miss McDonald to the head barber as she resigned her position.

Behind all this, too, is a romance.

Twenty-five years ago Miss McDonald's mother eloped with a poor young student, Henry McDonald. Old Mr. Kibbe promptly disinherited his daughter. As for his granddaughter, he never laid eyes upon her. Her father died before she was born and her mother followed him to the grave soon afterward, leaving the little girl to the

ing, rich. She was 28, good looking, poor. Wasn't that enough material for Cupid to work upon?

Disparity of age? Fiddlesticks! Wasn't that the prettiest girl in New York?—that is, if young Sohmer's opinion counted. Well, at any rate, he fell head over heels in love, and he asked the pretty manœuvre to be his bride. She said the "yes" he craved, but then there was the snag.

But with him the young man played his suit equally well, and the father capitulated. He summoned his family, took them all to the "Little Church Around the Corner," and there Dr. Houghton tied the knot. Then in a shower of rice the pretty bride went away on a honeymoon trip to Atlantic City and Richmond, Va., where her people live. By this time the family must know well the young and ardent bridegroom, who carried his suit by storm from manœuvre table to the very altar. When they come home Mr. and Mrs. Sohmer will live at No. 60 West One Hundred and Twenty-eight street.

"If she can make biscuits as well as she can manœuvre my nails, she's the girl for me," laughed the young bridegroom, as they started on their wedding journey.

Then there was Spencer G. Prime, just graduated from the University of Syracuse. As soon as he got his sheepskin he married Miss Julia Burr, who had manuevered his nails throughout his college course. Some day the young man will inherit the millions of his father, S. W. Prime. But what young Prime did was in no way different from another of his classmates, Homer Wheaton, who married a dainty little manœuvre, Miss Florence Schmitt.

Imagine his surprise a month after when he went to the Bellevue-Stratford to have his nails fixed up to find that his coffin partner was nothing but a manœuvre. Then he became interested.

He found it necessary after that to have his nails manuevered every day. And so deftly did Miss Moore do it that finally she came into the hotel one day with a big diamond solitaire on the third finger of her left hand—she was engaged to Mr. Schmidt. That very afternoon she gave away all her manœuvre implements to the other girls and now she is Mrs. Schmidt, Philadelphia's smartest suburb.

And who'll deny now that the way to a man's heart is not through his finger tips?



Miss Annie McDonald

Mrs. G. Prime

Mrs. G. Schmidt

is just 36 years old. This will be his second matrimonial venture. Twelve years ago he met and married Miss Lulu Freer, of Monticello, N. Y. It was a romantic courtship, and so quietly did Mr. Dunlap go about his work of winning the young lady's heart and hand that it wasn't for months afterward that any one knew that they had been married.

## Romance Soon Ended.

But the romance didn't last long.

ty manœuvre, there came a lawsuit.

He had already had several with his former wife, but this was the saddest blow of all.

## Breach of Promise Suit.

Miss Florence Pitt, of Stamford, Conn., sued him for breach of promise. This made all sorts of trouble, and Mr. Dunlap and his mother were very much worried. Miss Pitt, who is rich in her own right, declared in legal papers that in September last